THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

(Concluded.)

THE COUNT D—— TO RISOT.

O—, 1794.

I NEVER could hear the name of O—— without trembling; and, now, with death in my bosom, it was a consolation to me to be able to die in the place. Before we entered the village, I ordered the postilion to stop, and alighted. There stood the grove of birches, there was the church steeple, and there the two chimnies of Henrietta's habitation rose above the surrounding cottages. O, Risot! my youth once more revived within me. Ah! I never loved any other woman like Henrietta; this I felt by the redoubled pulsation of my heart, by the life which was diffused with new power through my veins. A dream of my blissful hours hovered over my soul; I trembled, but only with joy, not with anxiety and remorse. Such ought to be the feelings of a dying man. I proceeded slowly through the village; every step carried me back, as by enchantment, thirty-four years, and a torrent of exquisite sensations overpowered my soul. How happy might I have been, had I remained virtuous!

The postilion took my things out of the carriage at the door of the little Inn. My emotions had been too powerful for the weak remnant of my life; I was obliged immediately to throw myself upon a bed. The landlord had only a small damp apartment, which likewise served for a store room. He desired me to continue my journey, but a seasonable present rendered him more civil.

Here I am now, Risot. Ah! I have not the courage to ask whether Henrietta be yet living. This letter I write with a trembling hand. O Risot! here I was so happy, so inexpressibly happy! And now! now! Ah! had I remained here as I wished; had I made her my wife; how many things would now be different from what they are! May I not say that for death in this damp chamber I sacrificed Henrietta, my happiness, and my repose? Sometimes I even think that the dreadful revolution of my country was a judgment sent to punish me for my guilt. Good night! good night!

Risot! the earth totters under me; my senses are confused; my life ebbs with each pulsation, and yet the power of Omnipotence seems to detain it—I am with Henrietta. A thousand times I ask myself whether I am still alive. As yet I am ignorant of every thing. What have I still to hear?

My host informed me that he had provided for me a more commodious apartment in the village. All my thoughts were now directed to one object; I acquiesced, without asking whither he was going to take me. My landlady conducted me slowly towards Henrietta's habitation. When we arrived at the court-yard, the sight of the lime-trees, beneath which I had so frequently sat with the dear girl, awakened me from my profound reverie. "Whither are you leading me, barbarian?" I exclaimed. I was going to turn back. Should I throw myself in the way of vengeance?

A young man took me by the hand, and requested me to wait beneath his roof for the restoration of my health. I sat down under the lime-trees to rest myself, and a tempestuous ocean of conflicting emotions, overwhelmed my flitting soul. My eyes were stedfastly fixed on the door which was open. I imagined that Henrietta would rush forth, and thunder in my ears the word—*deceiver!* Instead of her, however, an elderly woman appeared, and looked at me with much compassion. I was conducted into the house, to the same apartment which I occupied above thirty years ago. Being thought worse than I really was, they put me to bed. I became more composed. The elderly female soon afterwards came to ask after my health, and enquired my name. I told her a false one. After some conversation, during which she became more and more agitated, she asked abruptly—"Were you acquainted at Paris with a Count D——?" God of heaven! I now recognized Henrietta's features and her voice. It was she! A thousand daggers pierced my perturbed soul. I covered my pale face with both my hands. She repeated her question, and I answered with a sigh—"He was my friend."

"Your friend?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. She then went in silence to the window. In this situation I at length took the courage to look at her attentively. I observed, with trembling, that she was pale, and that long affliction had preyed upon her. She turned round, and after a long pause, and again approached me, and said, stammering, "Did he never mention to you the name of Henrietta Buchner?" I know not how I mustered the strength to reply, 'The unfortunate man loved her till his latest breath."

"Loved?" she exclaimed—"Then he is dead?" she added,

after some pause, and wiped her eyes.—"How did he die?"

"With the name of Henrietta on his lips, and hell in his heart, because he had deceived her."

She walked up and down the room, and then returned to me. "Were you his friend?—*I* too was his friend," said she, tenderly, adding in a louder tone, "I am the unfortunate, the deluded Henrietta."

O, Risot! I resolutely exposed my heart to pain, in hopes that it would break; I took Henrietta's hand and pressed it to my bosom. My life was stronger than my pain, my heart did not break, even when her tears fell upon my face. O, Risot! have I not now expiated my guilt? She left me, but soon returned. Ah! what violence I was obliged to do myself, not to tell her who I was!

She dropped a few words—O, Risot! they rend my soul!—a few obscure words concerning four years' insanity. I—I could go mad at the thought! Four years! only reflect how many thousand hours! Ah! wretch that I am, why did I flee from the guillotine!

CHARLES BUCHNER TO RISOT.

O—, 1794.

Herewith, Sir, I transmit you the last letter of the Count D——. I found your address in one of your letters from London. Your friend was interred here yesterday; you are acquainted with his unfortunate history excepting the catastrophe. Chance conducted him to the house of my mother, to whom he once paid his addresses. She discovered to him who she was. We regarded the extreme anguish and despair which he manifested as the effects of his illness. My mother has been very unhappy. After his departure, in the year 1761, she learned from his uncle that she was deceived, and fell into the blackest melancholy; she was pregnant by the Count. After my birth, she lost her senses. At the end of four years, she again recovered her reason; but not her cheerfulness. With these circumstances, my father, whom we supposed to be merely a friend of the Count, became acquainted by degrees. I observed how deeply these conversations affected both our sick guest and my mother. In vain I endeavoured to draw her from his bed-side; indeed I almost considered it as cruel; for the stranger's assurances that the Count's love to her had ceased only with his life, now restored her, for the first time, to happiness.

The unfortunate man was still ignorant that Henrietta had a son by him, and that I was that son. One day when I entered his room I found my dear mother in tears. I took her gently by the hand, and said, "It affects you too much, my

dearest mother." At these words, the stranger suddenly raised himself up in the bed, and, fixing his eyes on me, exclaimed: "Mother? mother?" with great earnestness, "how is this?" My mother led me to his bed-side, and said, "This is the son of the Count D——."

"My son! my son!" he cried, with astonishment. Henrietta! unfortunate! I am the monster that deceived you!"

You cannot conceive, Sir, the effect of these few words. I stood like a statue. My mother threw herself into his arms, and exclaimed— "O, beloved Charles!" She turned pale. I caught her in my arms, and carried her to a chair, where she soon came to herself. "O, Charles, beloved Charles!" she again exclaimed, and extended her arms towards him.

My father, before I could prevent him, sprung from the bed, and threw himself at my mother's feet, crying out, "O merciful God! Do you forgive me, Henrietta? do you forgive me, my beloved?" She raised him up, and pressed him to her bosom. He grew paler and paler. "O God," he suddenly exclaimed, with a smile, "so happy! so happy!— my son!" he drew me to his breast;—"my Henrietta." He threw his arm round my mother, and leaned his head upon her shoulder. His hand became cold. He expired, smiling, in the arms of his beloved and his son. Charles! said my mother, affectionately. His arm sunk down. We supposed him to be in a swoon, but he was dead.

I was filled with apprehension on account of my mother; but thank Heaven, she is composed and even cheerful. This melancholy occurrence diffuses over the remainder of her days a kind of tranquil felicity. "He loved me," says she, smiling, when I speak to her. "He called you his son," she adds, while the transports of heaven are impressed on her pallid lips.

The physician conceives that this circumstance has produced a beneficial effect on her health; but I am convinced that she will soon follow her lover. God be thanked that a mild serenity enlivens her last hours.

With this letter you will receive a ring, inscribed with the words, *For my Risot*. A paper, in my father's hand-writing, declares my mother the heiress of all the valuables he had with him.

My mother intends to have her grave dug by the side of his. I fear that they, who were unfortunately separated upon earth, will soon be again united.

Farewell, Sir, I honour you as the friend of my father, and the protector of my forsaken mother. Farewell.

Miss Owenson has published in London two small volumes, which she calls *Patriotic Sketches*, which have been published in Baltimore. They exhibit views of the province of Connaught, that part of Ireland of which least is known to the world, and where there is more preserved of Irish manners, than in any other part of the island, because they have intermixed and intermarried less with the natives of other countries. Those who have read with interest and advantage the Wild Irish Girl, will read with pleasure this new production of the authoress. The following characteristic and correct sketch, cannot fail to be interesting to those who are gratified in studying national characters and manners.

Democratic Press.

SKETCH XVIII.

My rambles and frequent conversations with the peasantry in the neighbourhood of L—— house have obtained me a degree of rustic notoriety, to which I stand indebted for a visit from Mr. Thaddy O'Conolan, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, and a personage, not only highly esteemed by his rural disciples, but looked up to by his less intelligent neighbours, as a prodigy of learning, erudition, and genius. He introduced himself, by saying he had heard I was fond of Irish composition, and that he had waited on me to mention he had some of the poems of Ossian, which were much at my service. "The Irish,' he added, with a brogue that beggars all description, "the Irish is the finest and loftiest tongue in the world: the English can never come near it, and the Greek alone is worthy of being compared to it.' He then with great enthusiasm repeated the description of Fion's shield, in Irish, and Homer's description of that of Achilles, giving, with great exultation, the preference to the former; as he did to Ossian's account of his father's hounds, over the dogs of Ovid: and then with the utmost gravity declared his intention of translating the Eneid, and some of Terrence's plays into Irish. "The latter, (he continued,) I will teach to my scholars, who may play it yet upon one of the great London stages to admiration."

When I complimented him on the extent of his erudition, and expressed my astonishment at his having acquired it in so remote a situation, he replied, "Young lady, I went far and near for it, as many a poor scholar did before me: for I could construe Homer before I ever put on shoe or stocking; aye, or a hat either, which to be sure I never did till I was twenty years of age." He then at my request gave me a sketch of his peripatetic studies. When he was a young man, he said, there were but a few schools in Connaught, and those few but bad: and that it was not uncommon for

eight or ten boys, "*who had the love of learning strong upon them*," to set off bare footed, and bare headed, to Munster, where the best schools were then held; that they commenced their philosophic pilgrimage poor and friendless; but that they begged their way, and that the name of *poor scholar*, procured them every where friends and subsistence; that having heard much of the celebrity of a school-master in the county of Clare, he and his adventurous companions directed their steps towards his seminary "but," added Thady, "it being a grazing country, and of course no hospitality to be found there, (meaning that it was thinly inhabited) we could get no spot to shelter our heads in the neighbourhood of the school; so being a tight set of Connaught boys, able and strong, we carried off the school-master one fine night, and never stopped till we landed him on the other side of the Shannon, when a priest gave us a chapel-house, and so we got learning and hospitality to boot, and the school-master made a great fortune in time, all Connaught flocking to him, and now here *I* am, at the head of a fine seminary myself." He then informed me that he had fifty pupils; that the head class were in Homer, and did not pay for their tuition, as they assisted him to teach the rest; that all boys of the name of O'Conolan were also taught gratis, and the rest paid according to the means of their parents, from one shilling to four a quarter; he added that he had then five female elves; "to whom (said he) I am teaching philosophy, the humanities, and mathematics, to give them a genteel idea of becoming tutoresses in gentlemen's families." After some further conversation, Mr. Thady O'Conolan departed, but not without a promise of our visiting his academy the following day.

The lyceum of this Connaught sage, is a miserable cabin on the side of a very desolate wood. The sound of our horses feet brought a number of his young disciples to the door, clad in a drapery light an frugal as philosophy herself could dictate; for neither the Greek sandal, the Roman perones, nor the Irish brogue, secured their naked feet from the damp earthen floor of the academy. The next moment Thady himself appeared in all the majesty of pedagogue power; his hair, dress, and manner were all admirable, and left the Lingo and O'Sullivan of O'Keefe far behind; his low clumsy figure, clemerical tonsure, rubicund face, his wrapping coat, according to the old Irish costume, fastened with a skewer, the sleeves unoccupied, and the collar of his shirt thrown open, combined with his Greek and Latin quotations, his rich brogue, and affected dignity, to render him a finished character. Having reprimanded his pupils for their want of good manners, he welcomed us with a look and air that seemed to

convince us, as well as them, that their dereliction from decorum proceeded not from any deficiency of precept or example on the part of their master. He then apologised for the absence of his first class, who, he said, he intended should have construed some of Homer for us: but that they had gone to cut turf for a poor distressed family in the neighbourhood, and that for that day the Trojan plains were resigned for the bog. "It was but the other day, said he, they built up that cabin yonder, for a poor old widow, and I gave them a holiday for it, and my blessing into the bargain."

The interior of Thady's cabin perfectly corresponded with its external aspect. It was divided into two apartments which boasted no other furniture than an old deal table covered with copy books and slates, and a few boards placed on stones which served as seats to the young students, some of whom were poring over the "*Seven Wise Masters of Greece*;" others vainly held a Cordery, while their eyes were fixed on the visitors: and three tall fellows were endeavouring to read all at the same time out of an old tattered volume of Virgil. "There, (said Thady, pointing to the inward room) there is my *sanctum sanctorum*: there I teach Homer, philosophy, and the mathematics," and taking down an old book, which had sympathised in the destiny of Virgil, he exclaimed, "This is the only Homer I have; and though seven boys read out of it daily, it never causes a moment's dispute: whereas, if I had two young gentlemen studying in it, my Homer would be a bone of contention to them from morning till night." Indeed Thady endeavoured continually to impress us with an idea of the subordination and civilized manners of his scholars, and we saw nothing that in the least degree contradicted his assertions: he assured us that the laborer who earned but six pence a day, would sooner live upon potatoes and salt, than refuse a little learning to his child. "I have (said he) above twenty boys, who are come from distant parts to me, who begged their way and are now maintained among the poor of the neighbourhood, who, far from considering them a burthen, were so eager to have them, that to avoid jealousy, I was obliged to have lots drawn for them; the boys indeed are grateful, and make the best returns they can, by working early and late for their patrons, when not engaged with me." Having procured a holiday for his pupils, we took leave of Thady; and if to be a school-master, it is "requisite to be more or less than man," as Le Sage declares, Thady certainly conceived himself the former, as he detailed the merits of his seminary, and classic progress of his disciples.

Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than the trifle.

From the Troy Budget.

MY AUNT MARGERY.

I LOVE to dwell with mournful recollection on the memory of my maiden aunt Margery. Her name is now enrolled on the register of death. She died as she had lived, a stranger to the blessings of matrimony; and, by her uniform examples, left an invaluable legacy to that class of squeamish old maids, who very prudently resolve that they will never marry—when they have ascertained that nobody will have them. The legends of ancient days, afford no striking parallel to the curious character which I am attempting to delineate. I will divert the reader with her history.

You must know then, courteous Sir, that Margery B—— was the only daughter of a substantial and wealthy farmer in —— . Her father had several sons, some of whom were engaged in mercantile pursuits, and were generally spoken of, in their respective neighbourhoods, as men of great application; and others with souls more liberal and enlarged than the former, had mustered up resolution enough to travel to a neighbouring grammar-school, in hopes to profit by the profound literature of its instructor, about the time that my aunt was preparing to make her *debut* in the fashionable world. Margery was tall beyond the usual proportion, and withal so very slender in her shape, that when she walked or danced, she resembled the gently wavering poplar, shook into a slight and tremulous motion by the soft undulations of the playful zephyrs. In her youth she was remarkably active and sprightly, and resting on her fine velvet sidesaddle, seated on her favorite horse Bachelor, would leap a fence or stride a ditch with the most perfect master of the art in Christendom. Her hair, which was rather sandy, when it hung loosely and negligently over her projecting shoulders, resembled the dishevelled locks of Venus, emphatically styled in heathen mythology, the queen of love and beauty, when she went to court Vulcan, Jupiter's blacksmith. Her teeth were large and white, and although they did not exactly resemble ivory, being made of much coarser materials, they could nevertheless vie with that precious commodity in durability. The wear and tear of time had so little effect upon the grinders of the virgin, that at the age of seventy-three, she could crack a walnut with them without wincing, or exhibiting any visible contortions of countenance. Her eyes—but here description fails. Suffice it to say, they resembled a pair of green goose-berrys, and ever and anon, they would shoot such deadly livid flashes, as nothing but a heart of adamant can withstand, or malice view unmoved. Her Sunday dress was a beautiful pea-green. She wore a cap

and the er. Such, reader, was my aunt Margery. Her whole form was admirably calculated to inspire the softest—the most tender emotions in the bosom of every beholder. Old men wished themselves young for her sake: and young men beheld with increasing anxiety, the approach of silver old age, whose province it is to strew wrinkles instead of roses, and to dry up the fountains of youth. Alas! this venerable vestal no longer lives but in the faithful memory of her friends. The malicious sneers of her female rivals, and the coaxing adulations of a host of senseless sycophants, who used to bask in the sunshine of her regard, like insects in the meridian blaze of summer, are alike unremembered by her. Death has written in the most legible characters, the important word FINIS at the end of her chapter, and shut the volume of her days forever.

Some thirty or forty years ago, the parson of the parish paid his addresses to Margery.—Things went on swimmingly for a while, and were in a tolerable state of progression, when, all at once, the match was broken off by a very trivial circumstance. Coming one evening to pay her a visit, he very gravely proposed, as an improvement to their courtship, that they should adopt the old-fashioned practice of *bundling*, as it is called in the country; assuring her, at the same time, that if it was likely to produce any disagreeable consequences he would hasten the marriage with all possible dispatch, and thereby prevent an exposure, which would operate to the ruin of both their reputations.

Now, whether it was that my aunt, conceiving a most insurmountable dislike to the word, being made up principally of vile consonants, which fall with the most grating cadence on the ear, and withal are very dull and unharmonious, or whether she was really displeased at the freedom he had taken, I have never been able to learn. Suffice it to say, however, that from that moment she shut her ears to his most passionate addresses and so sharply did her resentment sting his soul, that I know not but he would have run distracted for love, if there had at that time been no other woman in the world than Margery. She has since had abundant reason to repent of her ill-timed delicacy, for the parson soon after paid his unceremonious addresses to a young lady of a more accommodating temper, who completely gratified the fond wishes of a father, in the production of a large and amiable family of children.

The next in order, on the list of her admirers was a proud, overbearing, supercilious physician, who every year dispatched more messengers to *Charon's* boat, than the gloomy ferry-man could possibly work over the river Styx in

a fortnight. His coat, the threads of which, as if knit together by Egyptian cement, seemed, altogether indestructable, bade defiance to all the taylors in Christendom. From the length of time it had been worn, and the rust and dust which it had accumulated, together with the adhesive particles of medicine which it had contracted, during a forty years practice, resembled an extensive plaster, and seemed laid on, rather to heal some obstinate sore, which still kept rankling unseen beneath it, than to guard its possessor from the inclemencies of wind and weather. He had repeated his visits several times, when speaking of his own profession, he unluckily introduced the word *anatomy*, and my aunt instantly taking the alarm, and fancying if she married the Doctor, that she should be put in a monstrous brass-kettle, and boiled up for the benefit of the faculty, gave him to understand that his presence was no longer agreeable to her, and dismissed his pretensions accordingly.

Next came a half-starved taylor, and with his *shears* brandished in his right hand, for the purpose of cutting the thread of her objections, if she should offer to make any, very civilly proposed himself a candidate for her affections. It was now too late to reject any thing like a tolerable offer, and this ninth part of a human being, went on from day to day, and imperceptibly *cabbaged* all her affections. He fondly anticipated the arrival of that moment when she, like himself, would sit cross-legged on their common shop-board, and provide for the wants of an increasing family. Already the connubial *goose* was heating to smooth forever the rough and rugged *seams* of their destiny. Already was he on the eve of stitching up the contract which would give felicity to both—when Fate, whose iron shears were sharper than the taylor's, clipped off the thread of his existence in the middle, and sent him forlorn and solitary to his home.

Ye generous virgins! whose cheeks are yet flushed with the glow of youth, and whose pulses beat ardent and uniform in the cause of love, reject not a good offer, merely because there is some chance of a better; but close with the first proposal, remembering the disasters of my old aunt Margery.

PHILO-HYMEN.

VARIETY.

COSIMO THE FIRST

A friend of this gentleman decoyed into the palace, and delivered into his hand, a professed and inveterate enemy, thinking to render him an essential service, to whom he sternly replied—"*That no advantage, however great, should induce him so grossly to violate the laws of hospitality, as to put a defenceless man to death, under his*

own roof, though an inveterate enemy." Who would not wish to call such a man his friend ?

An Indian King's advice to his son on his dying bed.

My son, (said the expiring monarch) the angel of death is now approaching, and in a few moments a breathless carcase will be all that remains of the once powerful Kalahad. Remember, therefore, my son, that thou must now govern this mighty empire alone. Remember, O youthful monarch of Indostan, that thy example will influence multitudes of people ; it will constitute either their happiness or their misery.

If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of reason, and to listen to the dictates of conscience ; if thou art indefatigable in punishing oppressors, and those who wallow in wickedness, and careful to encourage virtue and merit wherever they are found ; then shall happiness dwell in thy palaces, and plenty smile around thy habitations. Treachery shall be banished from the empire of Indostan, and rebellion seek refuge in the dark caverns of the mountains. The tongue of the hoary sage shall bless thee, and the shepherd, as he attends his flocks in the pastures of the Ganges, rehearse the glories of thy reign.

Thus shall thy life glide on serenely ; and when the angel of death receives his commission to put a period to thy existence, thou shalt receive the summons with tranquillity, and pass without fear the gloomy valley that separates time from eternity ; for remember, my son, this life is nothing more than a short portion of duration, a prelude to another that will never have an end.

It is a state of trial, a period of probation ; and as we spend it either in the service of virtue or vice, our state in the regions of eternity will be happy or miserable.

Farewell, my son, I am arrived at the brink of the precipice that divides the regions of spirits from those inhabited by mortals ; treasure up the instructions of thy dying father in thy breast ; practice them, and be happy.

THE ELEPHANT.

It is remarkable in the history of this extraordinary animal, that, in a state of subjection, it is unalterably barren ; and, though it has been reduced under the dominion of man for ages, it has never been known to breed !—as if it had a proper sense of its degraded condition, and obstinately refused to increase the pride and power of its conqueror, by propagating a race of slaves.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Alas! how changed that countenance, which was once beaming with smiles, but now averted in anger! Have I been so unfortunate as to give pain to a heart I should much rather endeavour to restore to peace? Can it be ——, whose intelligent looks revealed more than words could have done? he whose presence is so dangerous to that heart, which I have endeavoured to guard with double caution, and successfully too, till in an unwary moment his apparent virtues and exalted merit gained an ascendancy; which from my frankness was but too easily discovered. Didst thou seek to obtain but to betray? And why from trivial or involuntary occurrences, superficially examined, so readily condemn me as proud and cruel. But no longer upbraid me with such unmerited appellations: if you wish to shun me, I will in kindness seek an asylum in the bosom of a friend, (at a distance from your ensnaring presence) the celebration of whose nuptials I am called shortly to witness, with permission to select one to participate in the happiness of the event. With what pleasure did I anticipate that the presence of —— would have

"Gladden'd all the scene."

But away with such delusive thoughts!—I have pluck'd the roses for him in vain—he comes not to receive them—they wither and fade.

Let him to whom this is applicable, be assured, that candid, free from deception, and superior to change, is the heart of

*****.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Was a part of the prayer taught by him who "spake as never man spake." It is very probable that many persons in their addresses to the deity, make use of this or similar language, without once considering the force of the obligation they are by this means laid under. Praying for a deliverance from temptation, reasonably supposes a sincere abhorrence of the sins feared, and a real and firm resolution to repel the secret excitements to sin in our own breasts. Now, if we do not perseveringly avoid the temptations to evil, can we expect any deliverance from it, or support under it? When we heedlessly rush into the circle of the profane, can we really wish to be kept from imitating them? Or, if we had an utter detestation for every species of immorality, should we willingly place ourselves in a situation to hear and see it? Can we consistently go into the company of Bacchanalians, and still say "*lead us not into temptation?*" Many suppose that while they refrain from open violation of decen-

cy, and avoid the grosser kind of impunity, their virtue is perfectly safe. But let such be told, that although heinous crimes may not be charged against them, yet while they frequent the haunts of vice, or place themselves in any situation through life in which they would not be justified by the most rigid rules, they are gradually and almost imperceptibly receding from virtue, till at last their minds are corrupted, their taste vitiated, their hatred of vice in every shape, is softened down to a kind of shyness, and their love of virtue is so cooled, that if pursued at all, it is only as a *political good.* Still these persons may pray very fervently, "*lead us not into temptation.*"

Often do we see men lounging about a grog shop or tavern, and wasting much of their time, while they are constantly telling the world how temperate they are, merely because they can be in sight of spirituous liquor, and not get absolutely drunk every day. Yet these men pray to be delivered from temptation.—All must confess such conduct to be extremely inconsistent. The transition from inactive, or negative virtue, to positive vice, is but too easy, while having once fallen from rectitude, the imminence cannot be regained without much labour, and very painful reflexions. Vice on its first appearance, often assumes the mask of virtue, and until the subject is fairly bound, makes the fairest pretences. How necessary it is then to guard against the slightest deviation, and to be actively concerned to check the first emotions of any thing like impropriety; for while we willingly countenance even a vicious tho't, we must not expect to be heard, when we say, "*lead us not into temptation.*"

N. Herald

A SALTED JEW.

A Jew dying in Spain, where no Jews are permitted to reside, desired on his death-bed, to be carried to Jerusalem. There was a difficulty, however, how to get the body out of the kingdom, without danger of discovery. It was at last determined to cut it in pieces, salt it, and put it in a barrel, directed to Leghorn. The merchant to whom it was directed, finding a deficiency in the weight, discovered a hole in the barrel, from which several pieces had been taken, and made his complaint. The captain offered to pay for the deficiency: the merchant insisted on the restitution of the pieces taken.—"That, said the captain, is impossible, for they have been *eaten*, and digested long ago." The sailor who had committed the theft, was then questioned; he was asked *if it was good*, he replied, that *it was not bad.*—"Then, my good friend," said the merchant, "I am sorry to tell you,

that instead of *salted pork*, you have been eating a *salted Jew!*"

A young lady, who had been insulted by an old maid in her neighbourhood, by way of revenge, placarded the following lines on her doors and windows one night:—

To be let, or to be sold, for the term of her life,
Elizabeth Hall—by the way of a wife;
She's old, and she's ugly—ill-natur'd and thin;
For further particulars—inquire within.

THE BACCHANALIAN RIVALS.

Two actors, who jovially bow to the shrine
Of the God who presides o'er the fruit of the vine,
In order the bill most attractive to make,
Disputed what plays they should mutually take;
Till at length (surely tippling gives exquisite pleasure)
They sat down, and agreed to take *Measure for Measure.*

A gentleman, in passing the shop of a Mr. TASWELL, observed, that his name would be AS WELL without a T.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, the 3d inst. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William W. Groesbeeck, merchant, of Albany, to Miss Eliza C. Hagerman, of this city.

On Tuesday last, at Yonkers, by the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. Abraham Schermerhorn, to Miss Helen White, daughter of Henry White, Esq.

On the 7th inst. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. John Watt, to Mrs. Mary Smith.

At Norwich, Conn. on Wednesday, the 6th inst. by the rev. Dr. Strong, Mr. Pelatiah Petit, merchant, of this city, to Miss Jerusha Lathrop, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lathrop, of the former place.

DIED,

On Friday, the 8th inst. Captain Edward Tylee, in the 31st year of his age, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude.

At Troy, on Friday, the 1st inst. in the 20th year of his age, Aaron B. Reeve, Esq. son of the Hon. Tapping Reeve, of Connecticut.

On the 13th inst. Mr. George R. Usher, after a short illness.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary-Ann Smith, daughter of Jonathan Bayard, Esq.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

SECOND PART OF

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THE Painter so pious all praise had acquir'd
For defying the malice of Hell;
The monks the unerring resemblance admir'd;
Not a lady liv'd near but her portrait desir'd,
From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among,
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung;—
Marguerite she was lovely, and lively, and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter, avoid her! O Painter, take care!
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
The net is made ready—O Painter! beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the Artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvass is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
There's a look that he cannot express;—
His colours are dull to the quick sparkling hue,
More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
On the canvass he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!
Many devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never attempted an Angel before—
St. Anthony help him and save!

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate:
It was settled, the lady, so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband, so ugly and old,
With the Painter, so pious of late!

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the husband he makes the scheme known,
Night comes, and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly—they're seiz'd in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the Old Serpent arise;
"Now you villainous dauber!" old Belzebub cries,
You are paid for your insults to me!

"But my *tender* heart it is easy to move,

If to what I propose you agree;
That picture—be just! the resemblance improve,
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
And you shall this instant be free."

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he hears,
"I'll make you quite handsome," he said;
He said, and his chains on the Devil appears;
Releas'd from his prison, releas'd from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people beheld him—the culprit they took;
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
And to prison they led him once more.

They open'd the dungeon, beheld in his place
In the corner old Belzebub lay;
He smirks, and he smiles, and he leers with a grace,
That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face,
Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter, "I trust, you'll suspect me no more,
"Since you find my assertions are true:
But I'll alter the picture above the church door,
For I never saw Satan so closely before,
"And I must *give the Devil his due.*"

EPIGRAM.

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead—
I'm very glad to hear it too, quoth Ned.

The following lines are supposed to have been written on the subject of a mutual affection and an interview between the lovers, the unfortunate EMMETT, and Miss CURRAN, prior to his death. *P. Adv.*

WHEN he who adores thee, has left but the name,
Of his *fault* and his sorrow behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou, when they darken the fame,
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, tho' *guilty* to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of reason was thine—
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

EPIGRAM.

Mrs. Montague told me, and in her own house,
She did not regard me three *skips of a l—;*
I forgive the dear creature for all she has said,
For a woman will talk of *what runs in her head.*

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